The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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A Christian's Confession.

THE love of God is in my heart:
It needeth not the lip's confessing;
Where'er I go, it doth impart
A portion of its priceless blessing.
I may not know the teacher's art,
A thousand eager ears addressing,
But, in the home, the church, the mart,
Itself unconsciously impressing,
This passion, grown of me a part,
Is more and more in life expressing.

Grow in my heart, O love divine!
And more and more that heart possessing,
Increase thy scope until no line
Shall show the boundary of thy blessing;
May every thought thou promptest be mine,
May I, no love-design repressing,
Let the Christ-image in me shine,
Its precious love to men expressing,
That all who will may wear the sign
That needeth not the lips' confessing.

Knocking.

Knock! knock! "Who comes here?
What a terrible din!
Hold the door tightly,
And don't let him in.
Look from the window,
And see who is there!"
'Tis ANGER, "Oh, heart,
Of this fellow beware!"

Knock! knock! "Who comes here?
Look and see;
Out from the window,
Let no bolt go free."
GOOD-WILL stands waiting
Your favor to win;
"Then throw the door open,
And let him come in."

AMBITION, like a torrent, never looks back.

Was He a Coward?

THE annual examinations were just over at the Woodburne Academy; and there was a space of perfect silence in the great school-room, as the principal rapped for order, and rose to announce the name of the happy winner of the prize for general superiority.

He held a beautiful gold medal, hanging from a black ribbon in his hand, and every eye was fixed upon it, and every heart beat a little faster, as his loud, decisive tones broke upon the silence:

"Yesterday evening," he said, "the names of Frederic Granger and Robert Mackay stood side by side, at the head of the roll of merit. This morning's examination in algebra, has placed that of Robert Mackay in the advance. He alone of the whole class has sent in a paper without a failure. Master Mackay will therefore come forward, and receive the just reward of his faithful labors."

There was a slight stir throughout the room, as the scholars once more permitted themselves a long breath; and now all eyes were turned toward the prize scholar, as he rose, modest and blushing, and walked forward to receive the badge of distinction. Modest, but not abashed; for he knew he had worked hard, and earned the medal fairly; nor could he help a thrill of joy and pride, as he thought how delighted his mother would be, when she saw that ribbon about his neck.

As he walked back to his seat, however, he met a glance of anger, almost of scorn, fixed upon him. "Poor Granger!" he thought—"he takes it hard—and it is hard for him. I shall go and

tell him not to feel so." But he was not allowed to offer any word of sympathy. The instant he reached the play-ground, his rival darted towards him, and faced him with flashing eyes.

"I demand that you give up that medal," he cried. "You got it by fraud. I saw you looking at a paper during examination, and I believe you had the answer there copied out of a key. You never beat me at algebra before, and you couldn't do it—fair and square. I believe you to be a sneak and a cheat—and I forbid you to wear that medal on this ground. Now, do you hear, sir?"

Mackay's eyes flashed in their turn, and his fists doubled involuntarily; but he restrained himself by a great effort.

"You are crazy, Granger," he said, quietly. "Your disappointment has put you out of your senses. Let me pass—I want to go home to my dinner.

"You shall not pass—not till I let all the boys hear what I say to you—that you are a cheat, a sneak—no better than a thief!"

The infuriated boy threw himself upon Robert, and held him back by sheer force, while he hurled these shameful epithets into his face.

The boys crowded round, wild with excitement.

"Why, Bob!" they shouted. "Are you going to stand such names as that? Pitch into him; make him prove it, or pommel him to a jelly!"

But Robert drew back. "No," he said. "I will not fight. Take him off, boys, and let me pass."

"There! do you see? He's a coward as well as a thief! He dare not fight an honest fellow!" shouted Granger. A sudden rush and roar of wheels was heard; a fierce trampling of horses' hoofs, mingled with screams of the people upon the side-walk, as a pair of runaway horses attached to a heavy carriage, came rearing and plunging down the street, and threatened to crush the prostrate from of a young girl who, in her terror, had slipped and fallen right in the way of the maddened brutes. Her wild shriek pierced the air, and people turned their eyes away in horror of what was to come; when suddenly a boy dashed into the middle of the street, and darting under the great uplifted hoofs, snatched her out of the very jaws of a frightful death!

He staggered with the effort, and both sank upon the sidewalk together. But they were saved; now, once again, the air was rent with shouts. This time, however, they were cheers and applause. Robert smiled as he heard them.

"I am not a coward," he said; "but I promised my mother never to fight. The paper I looked at in class was a letter I had not had time to read, from her."

And then he fainted away.—*The Sunlight.*

A Man That Was Not to be Bought.

Six or eight years since, in one of the towns of Eastern Massachusetts, there was a Mr. D., a livery-stable keeper, about whom I once had the opportunity of learning the following fact. Among his many other good habits, one was never to suffer his own feet or his horses' to tread profanely on the Sabbath-day.

On a certain Sabbath morning, three gentlemen from Boston, putting up with their wives at the village hotel, said to their host that they would go to Mr. D., and get three single-horse buggies, and take each his wife and go to camp-meeting, about six miles off.

"It will be of no use," said the host, "for Mr. D., never lets his horses on the Sabbath."

"I never saw the man yet that money wouldn't buy," rejoined one of the party.

So they went and rang the bell at Mr. D.'s door. Mr. D., himself answered the call, and invited them in. After they had made known their errand, he said:—

"Gentlemen, I should be glad to accommodate you, but it is against my principles to let my horses go for hire on the Sabbath-day."

"How much do you usually have a day for your single horses?" asked the gentleman who was the chief speaker.

"Two dollars and a half a day usually, sir," answered Mr. D.

"Well, then," returned the gentlemen, "here are three five-dollar bills; please take them and let your man harness the horses, and we will go away very quietly and will return just after dusk, and without noise."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. D., "I can only repeat what I have already said,—that it is against my principles to hire out my horses on God's day, and I must decline your liberal offer."

At this the chief speaker on the other side stepped up closer to the sturdy Sabbath-keeper, and slipping into his hand a bright looking bill, said to him,—

"There, Mr. D., take that, and let your man quietly harness the horses for us."

Looking down at what was thus thrust into his hand, he saw that it was a new one-hundred dollar bill on a Boston bank; but without hesitating a moment, and evidently without any inward struggle with the spirit of greed, he calmly but emphatically said:—

"Gentlemen, my principles in this matter are fixed, and should you bring me all the money in the city of Boston, it would not alter them. If you would like to attend worship, our bell is now ringing, and I should be most happy to show you a seat, but I cannot let my horses go on the Sabbath;" and he handed back the bill.

As the baffled tempter took the rejected money, he also looked Mr. D., admiringly in the face, and stretching out his hand toward him, said:—

"I want to shake hands with you, Mr. D.; I have sometimes heard of such men as you are, but I never saw one before."

Each of the other two shook hands with him, expressing also their pleasure, and adding that before they returned to Boston, they would like a supply of cards, that they might know whom to direct their friends and acquaintances to as they visited the village. And as the secular week opened, all these gentlemen returned repeatedly to Mr. D.'s stable to obtain horses and carriages for their pleasure, thus testifying in the most express manner their approbation of his conscientious and unswerving conduct. And so it will be in all ordinary cases where Christians are high-minded, resolute, and incorruptible on all questions of duty.

To be not only true to ourselves, but also useful to others are among the reasons for which God has called us to his kingdom and glory.

"No man lighteth a candle and putteth it under a bushel, but on a candlestick, that it may give light to all that are in the house."—*Sel.*

Mother Was Good to Him.

We can all look back to our childhood days, and recall times when we thought mother was not good to us, times when her mild restraints seemed irksome and even cruel, and when we have put them aside in our wilfulness and anger. In later years we understand better how good mother was to us, and in all true hearts there comes a feeling of sorrow in remembrance of the times when we were not always good to mother. The following beautiful incident will touch the hearts of many:—

"But after all, she used to be good to us." It was a son who said this of a mother whom some nervous malady had overtaken, and who was certainly a very serious trial to her family.

The young man's life, too, was a weary one. He was hard-worked through the day, and it was depressing to go home at night to fault-finding and fretfulness.

Harder still was it to sleep, as this son did, week after week, and month after month, with all his senses half awake, that he might hear his mother's footsteps if they passed his door, and hurry after her to keep her from wandering out into the night alone, as her melancholy half-madness often led her to try to do.

Strangely enough, she had turned against her own husband and her daughters. Only this one son had any power to persuade her for good. His work by day and his vigil by night wore on him sorely, but he never complained.

One day his sister asked him how he could bear it and be always patient, when she—mother though she was—was in the house only as a presence of gloom and foreboding and unrest. And the answer came,—

"But, after all, she used to be good to us."

And then the thoughts of all the group went back to the years before this nervous prostration came upon her, when she had nursed them in illness, and petted them in childhood—when she had been "good to them," one and all.

"I know," the boy said, thoughtfully, "that I was a nervous, uncomfortable child myself the first three years of my life. Father said he thought they'd never raise me; but mother said, 'Yes, I will,' and she tended me day and night for three years, till I began to grow strong like the rest of you. I owe her those three years, anyhow, and she shall have them."

And so he girded himself afresh for the struggle. It did not last forever. There were signs by which the doctors could recognize that the cloud was lifting, and, no doubt, before long she was her old self again. And then came her son's reward. He felt that he had paid a little of the debt he owed to the love that watched over his weak babyhood.

To many mothers, worn by long care, such years or melancholy and nervous prostration must come. And the sons and daughters who find their homes saddened by such a sorrow should lovingly remember the days in which they were helpless, and mother was "good to them."—*San Francisco Call.*

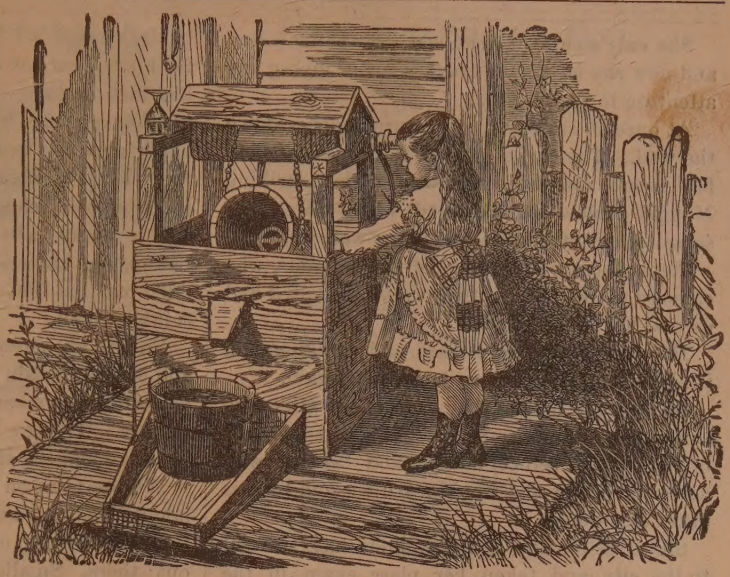
For the Myrtle.

Patient Enduring.

THE camel can boast
Neither beauty nor grace,
Yet he fills with devotion
His own useful place.
The will of his master,
Is his will, each day,
And he seldom complains
Of the length of the way.
May we mortals not learn
From his patience, to bear
The burdens of life
Which may fall to our share?

E. M. B.

"Second Wind."



Every boy who has run a mile knows what it is to gain a 'second wind,' though he may not be able to explain why one minute he is out of breath, and the next feels as if he could run several miles. A writer in *Longman's Magazine* gives this clear explanation of the fact:—

"The reader may not be aware that in ordinary breathing we use only a portion of our lungs, the cells at the extremity not being brought into play. This is the reason why those who are not 'in training,' and who try to run for any distance, soon begin to gasp, and unless they are courageous enough to persevere in spite of the choking sensation, are forced to stop. But if they will persevere, the choking goes off, and the result is what is technically known as 'second wind.'

"When the second wind is fully established, the runner does not become out of breath, but goes on running as long as his legs will carry him.

"The fact is, that on starting, the furthest portions of the lungs are choked with effete air, and the remainder does not supply air enough to meet the increased circulation caused by exercise.

"By degrees, however, the neglected cells come into play; and when the entire lung is in working order, the circulation and respiration again balance each other, and the 'second wind' is the result.

"Now let the reader repeat this experiment of holding his breath against time; but first let him force out of his lungs every particle of air that he can expel, and then draw as deep a breath as his lungs will hold. If this be repeated seventy or eighty times, by way of imitation of the whale, the experimenter will find that he can hold his breath for a minute and a half without inconvenience. Should he be a swimmer, he should always take this precaution before 'taking a header,' and he will find that he can swim for a considerable distance before he need to rise for breath."—*Youth's Companion.*

Maggie's Lesson.

LITTLE MAGGIE lives in the city. She went to the country for the first time, this just past summer.

Maggie is a very nice little girl. But she has one fault which is getting corrected by a series of experiences.. The one of which we are about to tell you came very near costing Maggie her life.

Her one great fault is, that she does not give attention to what older people say to her, but insists on having her own way, because she thinks that she knows better than any one else what she ought to do.

When she first went to the country, she was much interested in the well, with its old fashioned well-curb and bucket drawn up with a windlass.

She was told not to attempt drawing water when she was at the well alone.

But Maggie could see no danger. It looked a very easy thing to turn that iron crank round and round, and she was very happy when one day she had succeeded in bringing up the bucket over-flowing with the sparkling water.

"There" she said as she poured the water into the pail, "I knew I could do that as easy as not. Now I will run to the house, and tell them how smart I have been."

She did not remember what she had been told, that when she left the bucket she was to be sure and set it very securely on the shelf, that was prepared for it, just inside the curb.

She only knew that she had drawn the water, and now she let go the crank without giving any attention to the bucket.

At once it started on its return journey down the well. The chains rattled, the great windlass flew round, and the crank went with it, striking Maggie a blow on the head which threw her senseless onto the grass beside the well.

Here, shortly after, one of the servants, who chanced to be passing that way, found her, and carried her to the house.

Her poor head was bruised and bleeding, and it was a long time before it was well again.

As Maggie lay on that couch day after day, suffering so severely, she thought about the fault of her wilful self-confidence, and became well determined that she would learn wisdom by this bitter experience.

She is better now of her wounds, has returned to the city, and taken her place again in the school-room. She is a good scholar, and learns rapidly, but the best lesson, and the one of this year that will be the most useful to her future, is the one that she learned at the well that summer day.

E. M. B.

Our Nine.

There's a new boy in our school. His name is Harry Lovell. He wears good clothes and owns a Waterbury watch, and O my! how he does brag! You'd think, to hear him, that nobody had ever done anything worth noticing except himself. Some of the boys think he is a hero. They did think so, I mean. I don't and never did. I don't like being bossed. Mark don't like it either, nor Tom Smally. Tom is the boy that got my prize in reading. I like him just the same, and even if he does wear patched clothes, mother says he is always clean and polite.

There are nine boys in our base-ball club, Mark and Tom and Harry, and six more boys, only I'm one of them. We've all got—teacher says I must not say *got*—we all *have* bats, and some of us have suits made of white and red, and some of us haven't. Mother said if we wanted any we must earn them. I got up at five o'clock to weed onions for Mr. Hall. After two mornings I thought sleeping was better than a suit of white and red, and I can play just as well in my regular clothes. I have made a cap of white cloth with a strip of red flannel around it.

Mark saved all his candy and pencil money for his. Tom has a pair of base-ball shoes. He had them before.

After our bats were bought we all signed a paper agreeing to abide by our rules. I haven't the slightest idea what they are. Then we thought we'd choose a captain. Harry Lovell said he ought to be captain because he had played before, and knew all about it. Five of the boys cried out that that was so; but some of us didn't think so at all.

Finally we agreed to have another meeting and elect a captain by ballot. I can't stop to tell you what that means. You can find it in the dictionary. The new ball had come, and we couldn't wait any longer before we tried it.

We went out on the road near Mr. Taylor's house. He's an awful cross man. Harry carried the ball. All at once he hollered out, "Look out there, Smalley, for the champion curve pitcher!" and away went the ball.

Tom sprang to catch it, but he wasn't quick enough, and crash! it went right through one of Mr. Taylor's parlor windows.

Some of the boys scampered. Harry was the first one to run. Instead of running away, Tom walked up to the door, and met Mr. Taylor, who was coming out mad as could be.

"We have broken your window, Mr. Taylor," Tom said. "I did not catch the ball in time. I haven't any money, but I will come and chop wood till it is paid for."

The man did not scold at all. He said something about being glad to find one honest boy and went in. Then we found those who had run, and told them about it, and they all looked kind of shame-faced. Mark said he never wanted to hear of Harry's bravery again till he could show something equal to that.

We met that afternoon to choose a captain, and what do you think? There were eight votes for Tom Smalley, and only one for Harry Lovell. That one he put in himself.

The best of it all is that Tom doesn't think he has done any thing worth mentioning. He says any of us would have done just the same. I don't know about that, but I do know that we've all been saving and earning what we could for the past week, and to-morrow we are going to surprise Tom by paying Mr. Taylor for the glass, and then, instead of chopping wood in play-time, Tom can take his place as captain of our nine.

—*S. S. Advocate.*

SELECTIONS FOR A S. S. CONCERT.

Dialogue.

This Dialogue was arranged for our fine infant class of the school at Hartford. We are sure that other schools will be glad to use it.

What says the clock when it strikes *One?*
Watch, says the clock, watch, dear little one.

What says the clock when the hour goes around and comes to *Two?*
Love God, little darling, for God loves you.

Tell me now softly what it whispers at *Three?*
It is "Suffer little children to come unto me."

What says the kind Shepherd when the clock is at *Four?*
Come gentle lambs, come and wander no more.

What is the word when the clock is at *Five?*
To do good and do right we surely must strive.

What says it at *Six* by the clock of the day?
Our lives so happy will soon pass away.

What says the clock when it strikes *Seven?*
"Little children, of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

What is the calling when the clock strikes *Eight?*
"Love one another for Jesus" sake.

And louder, still louder, what says it at *Nine?*
Give me, each child, that pure love of thine.

What sweet song of promise shall we echo at *Ten?*
Hosanna in the highest, "Peace good will to men."
Hosanna, Hosanna, Amen.

What chorus of love shall we sing at *Eleven?*
Praise be to our Father, our Father in Heaven.

What chimes the clock at *Twelve?*
This is the hour when children are sleeping,
Hushed are their voices of laughter and weeping
Sleeping and resting thro' long starry hours
To wake with the sun, and the birds and the flowers.

In concert or recitation, or as a chorus.

As the hours pass swiftly by,
Help us Lord to trust in Thee
So that we our days may spend,
In serving Thee, the childrens' Friend.

I'LL be a little sunbeam true—
A tiny ray of light,
And try in all I say and do
To make the world more bright.

The Schoolmarm's Story.

A frosty chill was in the air—
How plainly I remember—
The bright autumnal fires had paled,
Save here and there an ember:
The sky looked hard, the hills were bare,
And there were tokens everywhere
That it had come—November.

I locked the time-worn school-house door,
The village seat of learning,
Across the smooth, well-trodden path
My homeward footsteps turning;
My heart a troubled question bore,
And in my mind, as oft before,
A vexing thought was burning.

"Why is it up hill all the way?"
Thus ran my meditations;
The lessons had gone wrong that day,
And I had lost my patience.
"Is there no way to soften care,
And make it easier to bear
Life's sorrows and vexations?"

Across my pathway, through the wood,
A fallen tree was lying;
On this there sat two little girls,
And one of them was crying.
I heard her sob: "And if I could,
I'd get my lessons awful good,
But what's the use of trying?"

And then the little hooded head
Sank on the mother's shoulder,
The little weeper sought the arms
That opened to enfold her.
Against the young heart, kind and true,
She nestled close, and neither knew
That I was a beholder.

And then I heard—ah! ne'er was known
Such judgment without malice,
Nor queenlier counsel ever heard
In senate, house or palace!—
"I should have failed there, I am sure.
Don't be discouraged; try once more,
And I will help you, Alice."

"And I will help you." This is how
To soften care and grieving;
Life is made easier to bear
By helping and by giving.
Here was the answer I had sought,
And I, the teacher, being taught
The secret of true living.

If "I will help you" were the rule,
How changed beyond all measure
Life would become! Each heavy load
Would be a golden treasure;
Pain and vexation be forgot;
Hope would prevail in every lot,
And life be only pleasure.

Make few promises.
Always speak the truth.

HARVEST PAGE.

Hidden Seed

173.—ENIGMA.

I am compossd of thirty letters.
My 1, 2, 8, 18, 7, 4 is not present.
My 3, 5, 8, 24 is free from harm.
My 6, 9, 27 is anger.
My 16, 10, 13, 18 is a long stick.
My 11, 12, 4 lies at the door.
My 14, 15, 17, 3 is the way a cat drinks.
My 20, 21, 22, 4 is to scold loudly.
My 23, 19, 30, 26 is a young animal.
My 26, 25, 9, 11 is shape.
My 28, 29, 30, 18 is very bad.
My whole is in the Bible. *Beth.*

174.— ANAGRAM.

Tohnyse si hte sebt opilcy. *Emma Cushing.*

175.—DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

—h—L—r—i—j—s—. *Lillie B. Mattice.*

176.— DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant : To burn in the sun : Remains : Rulers : An Engiish milking pail : Part of the verb to be : A consonant. *Harry Drummond.*

WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENT.

THE DISHONEST SERVANTS.

Three gentlemen, with their servants, had to cross a river in a boat in which two passengers only could be transferred at one time. The servants were known to have planned to murder and rob one or more of the masters, if two servants were left with one master or three servants with two masters. The question to be decided was how these six persons were to cross so that the boat could be returned, and yet so that the servants on either side of the river should not outnumber the masters. The following is one of the ways in which the difficulty might have been overcome :—Two servants go over first, one returns ; two servants go over again, one again returning with the boat ; two of the masters next go over, and a master and one of the previously taken servants returns ; then two of the masters again go over, and the servant already crossed takes the boat back, leaving the three masters safely crossed ; the servants are left to come over in any manner they choose.

CONNUDRUMS.

Why are tall people always the laziest ?
Beceuse they are always longer in bed than others.

Why is sympathy like blindman's buff ?
Because it is a feeling for a fellow-creature.

167.— ENIGMA.

Hatred stirreth up strife.

168.— ANAGRAM.

Children obey your parents.

169.— DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

A small shop may have a good trade.

170.— DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A
A L E
A L O N G
E N D
G

171.— ENIGMA.

Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom ?

172.— DROP LETTER PUZZLE.

Bethlehem was Christ's birthplace.

OUR HARVESTERS.

Wilson T. Howe, 6 ; Annie G. Bean, 6 ; Harry Marsden, 6 ; Charlie Townsley, 6 ; Bertie R. Kip, 2.

Our dear little Harvesters forget sometimes to send their names with the "Gathered Grain." In one such letter, received to-day, the writer says "I sent answers to puzzles once before but did not see my name." We are very sorry for his past and present disappointment but we cannot print your names when you do not send them. *How can we?* Ed.

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